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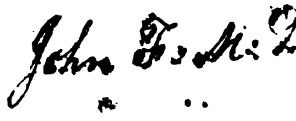
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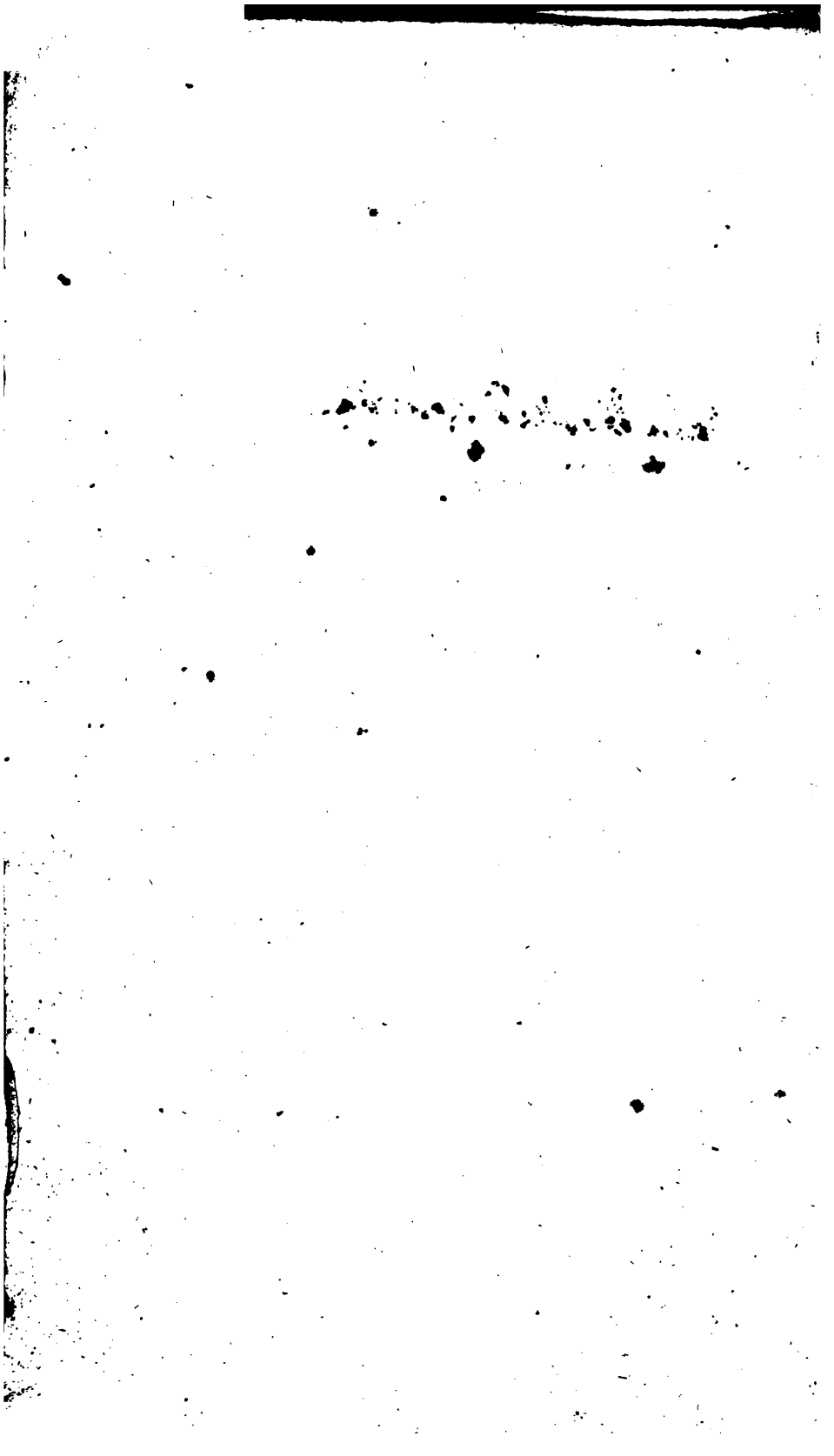

POEMS

ASCRIBED TO

ROBERT BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE BARD,

NOT CONTAINED IN ANY EDITION OF HIS WORKS

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GLASGOW,
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THE following Poems, aſcribed to Burns, are preſented to the Public without any *poſitive* affirmation of their authenticity on the part of the Publiſher. It muſt be confeſſed, that they appear under circumſtances rather diſadvantageous, as, whatever was omitted in the Liverpool edition, might be ſuppoſed unworthy of the public eye:—Let readers judge for themſelves.—

Several of theſe pieces were received by the Publiſher in the Author's own manuſcript, others were obligingly communicated by friends and admirers of the Bard, and ſome were collected from newſpapers: but it is preſumed, that

that on peruſal, *all* will be found to poſſeſs indubitable marks of their imputed parent.

To ſuch as think his ſatires on the Clergy too ſevere, and of an immoral tendency, it may be anſwered, that the attack was provoked; and that the cauſe of true religion can never be injured by expoſing its abuſe, in the canting and ſelf-righteous enthuſiaſt.—Many reſpectable characters are, no doubt, lampooned without reaſon:—the author, exaſperated by a few individuals, unjuſtly extended his reſentment to the whole claſs.

Every piece in this volume poſſeſſes ſome trait, characteriſtic of Burns; but none, perhaps, is more worthy of attention than the *Jolly Beggars*, which, independently of the other poems, would be a ſufficient recommendation to any collection.

An analyſis of this admirable *jeu d'eſprit* might furniſh materials for a long eſſay. At preſent,

preſent, ſuffice it to ſay, that for humorous deſcription, and nice diſcrimination of character, it is inferior to no poem of the ſame length, in the whole range of Engliſh poetry.—The recitative part is poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit, but the ſongs conſtitute its chief excellence: they are ſufficiently familiar and witty, without falling too low, or riſing too much above the ſimplicity of a ſong: the meaſure is judiciouſly varied, and always adapted to the ſubject.

An approach to licentiouſneſs in ſome pieces, expoſed Burns, when alive, to the ſcoffs of the illiberal, which ſtill inſult his aſhes. But let the ſelf-ſufficient, who aſperſe the memory of a ſon of genius for ſome ſlight deviations from decorum, remember to appreciate his merits alſo, and to be more attentive to a declaration ſanctioned by greater than human authority, that, "*To the pure all things are pure.*"

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THE

JOLLY BEGGARS:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves beſtrow the yird,
Or wavering like the *Bauckie-bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blaſt;
When hailſtanes drive wi' bitter ſkyte,
And infant froſts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch dreſt;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Pooſie-Nanſie's held the ſplore,
To drink their orra duddies:

* The old Scotch name for the Bat.

Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they ſang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

Firſt, neiſt the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane ſat; weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapſack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' uſquebae an' blankets warm,
She blinket on her ſodger:
An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither ſkelpin' kiſs,
While ſhe held up her greedy gab
Juſt like an aumos diſh.
Ilk ſmack ſtill, did crack ſtill,
Juſt like a cadger's whip,
Then ſtaggering and ſwaggering
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

Tune—*Soldier's Joy.*

I.

I am a ſon of Mars who have been in many wars,
And ſhow my cuts and ſcars wherever I come;

This

This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the ſound of the drum,
Lal de daudle, &c.

II.

My prenticeſhip I paſt where my leader breath'd his laſt,
When the bloody die was caſt on the heights of Abram;
I ſerved out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the ſound of the drum,
Lal de daudle, &c.

III.

I laſtly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witneſs an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my ſtumps at the ſound of a drum,
Lal de daudle, &c.

IV.

And now tho' I muſt beg with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my
callet,
As when I us'd in ſcarlet to follow a drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

V.

What tho' with hoary locks, I muſt ſtand the winter
ſhocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the tother bag I ſell, and the tother bottle
tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the ſound of the
drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars ſheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And ſeek the benmoſt bore;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He ſkirl'd out encore!
But up aroſe the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

AIR.

Tune—*Soldier Laddie.*

I.

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And ſtill my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

II.

The firſt of my loves was a ſwaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was ſo tight, and his cheek was ſo ruddy,
Tranſported I was with my ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

III.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The ſword I forſook for the ſake of the church;
He ventur'd the *ſoul*, and I riſked the *body*,
'Twas then I prov'd falſe to my ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full

IV.

Full ſoon I grew ſick of my ſanctified ſot,
The regiment at large for a huſband I got;
From the gilded ſpontoon to the fife I was ready,
I aſked no more but a ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

V.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in deſpair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd ſo gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

VI.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And ſtill I can join in a cup or a ſong;
But whilſt with both hands I can hold the glaſs ſteady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Then neiſt outſpak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the ſterling,

For

For mony a purſie ſhe had hooked,
And had in mony a well been ducked.
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' ſighs and ſobs ſhe thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune—*O an ye were dead gudeman.*

I.

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in ſcorn;
But he ſtill was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

II.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' gude claymore down by his ſide,

The

The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared none,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

IV.

They baniſh'd him beyond the ſea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

V.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the laſt,
And bound him in a dungeon faſt;
My curſe upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And

VI.

And now a widow, I muſt mourn
The pleaſures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy ſcraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd to tryſts and fairs to driddle,
Her ſtrappan limb and gauſy middle
He reach'd nae higher,
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an Arioſo key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' *Allegretto* glee
His giga ſolo.

AIR.

Tune—*Whiſtle owre the lave o't.*

I.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me to be my dear,
An' then your every care and fear
May whiſtle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The ſweeteſt ſtill to wife or maid,
Was whiſtle owre the lave o't.

II.

At kirns an' weddings we'ſe be there,
An' O! ſae nicely's we will fair;
We'll bouſe about till Daddie Care
Sing, whiſtle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

Sae

III.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' ſun ourſells about the dyke,
An' at our leiſure when ye like,
We'll whiſtle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

IV.

But bleſs me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, *cauld*, an' a' ſic harms,
May whiſtle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had ſtruck a ſturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gutſcraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a rooſty rapier.—
He ſwoor by a' was ſwearing worth,
To ſpeet him like a pliver,
Unleſs he would from that time forth,
Relinquiſh her for ever.

Wi' ghaſtly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,

And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
An' ſo the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve,
When round the tinker preſt her,
He feign'd to ſnirtle in his ſleeve,
When thus the Caird addreſs'd her.

AIR.

Tune—*Clout the caudron.*

I.

My bonny laſs I work in braſs,
A tinker is my ſtation;
I've travell'd round all Chriſtian ground
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble ſquadron;
But vain they ſearch'd, when off I march'd
To go an' clout the caudron.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

II.

Deſpiſe that ſhrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noiſe an' caprin',
An'

An' tak' a ſhare wi' thoſe that bear
The *budget* an' the *apron.*
An' *by* that ſtowp! my faith an' houpe,
An' *by* that dear *Keilbaigie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' ſcant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
An' by that ſtowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unbluſhing fair
In his embraces ſunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome ſae ſair,
An' partly ſhe was drunk.
Sir Violino with an air,
That ſhow'd a man of ſpunk,
Wiſh'd *uniſon* between the pair,
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid ſhot a ſhaft
That play'd a dame a ſhavie,
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her

* A peculiar ſort of Whiſky ſo called; a great favourite with Pooſie-Nanſie's clubs.

Her lord a wight o' † Homer's craft,
Tho' limping wi' the ſpavie,
He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
An' ſhor'd them Dainty Davie
O boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus liſted,
Tho' Fortune ſair upon him laid,
His heart ſhe ever miſs'd it.
He had no wiſh but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thirſted;
He hated nought but—to be ſad,
And thus the Muſe ſuggeſted,
His ſang that night.

AIR.

Tune—*For a' that, an' a' that.*

I.

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

† Homer is allowed to be the oldeſt ballad ſinger on record.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
I've loſt but ane, I've twa behin',
I've *wife enough* for a' that.

II.

I never drank the Muſes' ſtank,
Caſtalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it ſtreams, and richly reams,
My *Helicon* I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

III.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble ſlave, an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it ſtill
A mortal ſin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

IV.

In raptures ſweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;

But

But for how lang the *flie may ſtang*,
Let *inclination* law that.
For a' that, &c.

V.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, an' here's the *ſex!*
I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
My *deareſt bluid*, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So ſung the bard—and Nanſie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applauſe,
Re-echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
They ſcarcely left to coor their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did requeſt,

To

To lowſe his pack an' wale a ſang,
A ballad o' the beſt:
He riſing, rejoicing
Between his twa *Deborahs*,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune—*Jolly mortals fill your glaſſes.*

I.

See! the ſmoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us ſing.

CHORUS.

A fig for thoſe by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feaſt!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to pleaſe the prieſt.

II.

What is title? what is treaſure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleaſure,
'Tis no matter *how* or *where!*
A fig, &c.

III.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or ſtable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

IV.

Does the train-attended *carriage*
Through the country lighter rove?
Does the ſober bed of marriage
Witneſs brighter ſcenes of love?
A fig, &c.

V.

Life is all a *variorum*,
We regard not how it goes;

Let

Let them cant about *decorum*
Who have characters to loſe.
A fig, &c.

VI.

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged *brats and callets!*
One and all cry out, Amen!

A fig for thoſe by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feaſt!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to pleaſe the prieſt.

THE

KIRK'S ALARM§

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me ſound an alarm to your conſcience;
There's a heretic blaſt has been blawn i' the waſt,
That what is no ſenſe muſt be nonſenſe.

Dr. Mac*, Dr. Mac, you ſhould ſtretch on a rack,
To ſtrike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and ſenſe upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
To meddle wi' miſchief a-brewing;
Provoſt

§ This Poem was written a ſhort time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Eſſay.

* Dr. M'——ll.

Provoſt John is ſtill deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob† is its ruin.

Drymple mild‡, Drymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven ſnaw,
Yet that winna ſave ye, auld Satan muſt have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Rumble John‖, Rumble John, mount the ſteps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' hereſy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimſtone like adle,
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James§, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chace in your view;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll ſoon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney¶, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
Unconſcious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every ſoul,
For the foul thief is juſt at your gate.

Daddy

† R——t A——n. ‡ Dr. D——e. ‖ Mr. R——ll.
§ Mr. M'——y. ¶ Mr M——y.

Daddy Auld*, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk;
Tho' ye can do little ſkaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluſter†, Davie Bluſter, if for a ſaint ye do muſter,
The corps is no nice of recruits;
Yet to worth let's be juſt, royal blood ye might boaſt,
If the aſs was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Gooſe‡ Jamy Gooſe, ye ha'e made but toom rooſe,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie§, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;
O'er Pegaſus' ſide ye ne'er laid a ſtride,
Ye but ſmelt, man, the place where he ſh—t.

Andro Gouk¶, Andro Gouk, ye may ſlander the book,
And the book not the war let me tell ye;

Ye

* Mr. A——d. † Mr. G——, O——e. ‡ Mr. Y——g, C——k.
§ Mr. P——s, A—r, ¶ Dr. A. M——ll.

Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' ſma' value.

Barr Steennie*, Barr Steennie, what mean ye? what
mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e ſome pretence to havins and ſenſe,
Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better.

Irvine ſide†, Irvine ſide, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but ſma' is your ſhare;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock‡, Muirland Jock, when the L—d
makes a rock
To cruſh common ſenſe for her ſins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal ſo fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will‖, Holy Will, there was wit i' your ſkull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is ſcant, when ye're ta'en for a ſaint,
Wha ſhould ſwing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's

* Mr. S——n Y——, B—r. † Mr. S——h, G——a.
‡ Mr. S——d. ‖ An E——r in M——e.

Calvin's ſons, Calvin's ſons, ſeize your ſp'ritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the ſtuff, will be powther enough,
And your ſkulls are ſtorehouſes o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your prieſt-ſkelping turns,
Why deſert ye your auld native ſhire;
Your muſe is a gipſie, e'en tho' ſhe were tipſie,
She cou'd ca' us nae war than we are.

EPISTLE

FROM A TAYLOR

TO

ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT waefu' news is this I hear,
Frae greeting I can ſcarce forbear,
Folk tells me, ye're gawn aff this year,
Out o'er the ſea,
And laſſes wham ye lo'e ſae dear
Will greet for thee.

Weel wad I like war ye to ſtay,
But Robin ſince ye will away,
I ha'e a word yet mair to ſay,
And maybe twa;
May he protect us night an' day,
That made us a'.

Whar thou art gaun, keep mind frae me,
Seek him to bear thee companie,
And, Robin, whan ye come to die,
Ye'll won aboon,
An' live at peace an' unity
Ayont the moon.

Some tell me, Rab, ye dinna fear
To get a wean, an' curſe an' ſwear,
I'm unco wae, my lad, to hear
O' ſic a trade,
Cou'd I perſuade ye to forbear,
I wad be glad.

Fu' weel ye ken ye'll gang to *hell*,
Gin ye perſiſt in doin' ill—
Waes me! ye're hurlin' down the hill
Withouten dread,
An' ye'll get leave to ſwear your fill
After ye're dead.

There*, walth o' women ye'll get near,
But gettin' weans ye will forbear,
Ye'll never ſay, my bonnie dear
Come, gie's a kiſs—
Nae kiſſing there—ye'll girn an' ſneer,
An' ither hiſs.

O Rab!

* In hell.

O Rab! lay by thy fooliſh tricks,
An' ſteer nae mair the female ſex,
Or ſome day ye'll come through the pricks,
An' that ye'll ſee;
Ye'll fin' hard living wi' Auld Nicks;
I'm wae for thee.

But what's this comes wi' ſic a knell,
Amaiſt as loud as ony bell,
While it does mak' my conſcience tell
Me what is true,
I'm but a ragget cowt myſel',
Owre ſib to you!

We're owre like thoſe wha think it fit,
To ſtuff their noddles fu' o' wit,
An' yet content in darkneſs ſit,
Wha ſhun the light,
To let them ſee down to the pit,
That lang dark night.

But fareweel, Rab, I maun awa',
May he that made us keep us a',
For that wad be a dreadfu' fa'
And hurt us ſair,
Lad, ye wad never mend ava,
Sae, Rab, tak' care.

ROBERT BURNS' ANSWER.

WHAT ails ye now, ye louſie b——h,
To threſh my back at ſic a pitch?
Loſh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I did na ſuffer ha'f ſae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouſe,
I gi'e their wames a random pouſe,
Is that enough for you to ſouſe
Your ſervant ſae?
Gae mind your ſeam, ye prick the louſe,
An' jag the flae.

King David o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the laſſes ſic miſchief

As

As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang ſyne ſaunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco ſlip yet,
An' ſnugly ſit amang the ſaunts,
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Seſſion ſays I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Than garren laſſes cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And fairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for ſport,
How I did wi' the Seſſion ſort—
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, "Robin!"
"Come hither lad, an' anſwer for't,
"Ye're blam'd for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
An' ſnoov'd awa' before the Seſſion—
I made

I made an open fair confeſſion,
I ſcorn'd to lie;
An' ſyne Meſs John, beyond expreſſion,
Fell foul o' me.

A furnicator lown he call'd me,
An' ſaid my fau't frae bliſs expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
'But what the matter,'
Quo' I, 'I fear unleſs ye geld me,
'I'll ne'er be better.'

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no,
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,
"Should ever prove your ſp'ritual foe,
"You ſhou'd remember
"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no,
"Your deareſt member."

'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that,
'Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't,
'I'd rather ſuffer for my faut,
'A hearty flewit,
'As ſair owre hip as ye can draw't!
'Tho' I ſhould rue it.

'Or gin ye like to end the bother,
'To pleaſe us a', I've juſt ae ither,
'When

'When next wi' yon laſs I forgather,
'Whate'er betide it,
'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither,
'An' let her guide it.'

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warſt of ava,
An' therefore, Tam, when that I ſaw,
I ſaid 'Gude night,' and cam' awa',
And left the Seſſion;
I ſaw they were reſolved a'
On my oppreſſion.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon,
What was his religion,
Whae'er deſires to ken,
To ſome other warl
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane.

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer perſecution,
A dram was *memento mori;*
But a full flowing bowl,
Was the ſaving his ſoul,
And Port was celeſtial glory.

SONG,

SONG,

WRITTEN AND SUNG AT A GENERAL MEETING OF THE EXCISE-OFFICERS IN SCOTLAND.

I.

THE de'il cam' fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa' wi' the Exciſeman;
And ilk auld wife cry'd, "Auld Mahoun,
"We wiſh you luck o' the prize man.

CHORUS.

"We'll mak' our maut, and brew our drink,
"We'll dance and ſing and rejoice man;
"And mony thanks to the muckle black de'il,
"That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciſeman.

II.

"There's threeſome reels, and fourſome reels,
"There's hornpipes and ſtrathſpeys, man;
"But the ae beſt dance e'er cam' to our lan',
"Was the deil's awa' wi' the Exciſeman.

CHORUS.

"We'll mak' our maut, &c."

THE

TWA HERDS†.

O A' ye pious godly flocks,
Well fed on paſtures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes.

The twa beſt herds in a' the waſt,
That e'er ga'e goſpel horn a blaſt,
Theſe five and twenty ſummers paſt,
O! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter black out-caſt
Atween themſel.
O, M——y,

† This piece was among the firſt of our Author's productions which he ſubmitted to the public; and was occaſioned by a diſpute between two Clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

O, M——y, man, and wordy R——ll,
How could you raiſe ſo vile a buſtle,
Ye'll ſee how new-light herds will whiſtle,
And think it fine!
The Lord's cauſe ne'er gat ſic a twiſtle,
Sin' I ha'e min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekit,
Your duty ye wad ſae neglekit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds reſpekit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themſelves elekit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M——y's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every ſhank,
Nae poiſon'd ſoor Arminian ſtank,
He let them taſte,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank,
O' ſic a feaſt!

The thummart, willcat, brock and tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He ſmell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to ſhed their bluid,
And ſell their ſkin.

What herd like R——ll tell'd his tale,
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kend the Lord's ſheep ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And ſaw gin they were ſick or hale,
At the firſt ſight.

He fine a mangy ſheep could ſcrub,
Or nobly fling the goſpel club,
And new-light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their ſkin,
Could ſhake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa, O! do I live to ſee't,
Sic famous twa ſhould diſagreet,
And names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en,
While new-light herds wi' laughin' ſpite,
Say neither's liein'.

A' ye wha tent the goſpel fauld,
There's D——n deep, and P——s, ſhaul,
But chiefly thou, apoſtle A—d,
We truſt in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree.

Conſider,

Conſider, Sirs, how we're beſet,
There's ſcarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that curſed ſet,
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to ſee them yet
In fiery flame.

D——e has been lang our fae,
M'——ll has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd raſcal ca'd M'——e,
And baith the S——s,
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W——w, lang has hatch'd miſchief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten to our grief,
Ane to ſucceed him,
A chield, wha'll ſoundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forby turn-coats amang ourſel,
There's S—h for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'.

O! a'

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By moſſes, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counſel and your ſkills,
To cow the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themſells,
To chooſe their herds.

Then orthodoxy yet may prance,
And learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd common ſenſe,
That bites ſae ſair,
Be baniſh'd o'er the ſea to France,
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
M'——ll's cloſe nervous excellence,
M'Q—e's pathetic manly ſenſe,
And guid M'——h,
Wi' S—th wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

LETTER

TO

JOHN GOUDIE,

KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Soor Bigotry, on her laſt legs,
Girnin' looks back,
Wiſhin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad ſeize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superſtition,
Waes me! ſhe's in a ſad condition;
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her ſtate phyſician,
To ſee her w-t-er;
Alas! there's ground o' great ſuſpicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now ſhe's got an unco ripple,
Haſte, gie her name up i' the chappel,
Nigh unto death;
See how ſhe fetches at the thrapple,
An' gaſps for breath.

Enthuſiaſm's paſt redemption,
Gaen in a galloping conſumption,
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her,
Her feeble pulſe gies ſtrong preſumption
Death ſoon will end her.

'Tis you and * Taylor are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this miſchief;
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
A toom tar barrel
An' twa red peats wad ſend relief,
An' end the quarrel.

HOLY

* Dr. Taylor of Norwich.

HOLY WILLIE'S

PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heavens doſt dwell,
Wha, as it pleaſes beſt thyſel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee!

I bleſs and praiſe thy matchleſs might,
Whan thouſands thou haſt left in night,
That I am here afore thy ſight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a ſhinin' light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I ſhould get ſuch exaltation,
I wha deſerve ſic juſt damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thouſand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cauſe.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell,
To gnaſh my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Whar damned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a ſtake.

Yet I am here a choſen ſample,
To ſhow thy grace is great an' ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an' example
To a' thy flock.

But yet, O L—d! confeſs I muſt,
At times I'm faſh'd wi' fleſhly luſt
An' ſometimes too, wi' warldly truſt,
Vile ſelf gets in;
But thou remembers we are duſt,
Defil'd in ſin.
O L—d!

O L—d! yeſtreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,
Thy pardon I ſincerely beg,
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague
To my diſhonour,
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawleſs l—g
Again upon her.

Beſides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Lizie's laſs, three times I trow;
But, L—d, that Friday I was fow,
When I came near her,
Or elſe, thou kens, thy *ſervant true*
Wad ne'er ha'e ſteer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleſhly thorn*,
Beſet thy ſervant e'en and morn,
Leſt he owre high and proud ſhou'd turn,
'Cauſe he's ſae *gifted;*
If ſae, thy han' maun e'en be born,
Until thou lift it.

L—d bleſs thy choſen in this place,
For *here* thou haſt a *choſen race;*
But G—d confound their ſtubborn face,
And blaſt their name,
Wha bring thy elders to diſgrace,
An' public ſhame.

L—d mind G——n H———n's deſerts,
He drinks, an' ſwears, an' plays at carts,
Yet has ſae mony takin' arts,
Wi' grit an' ſma',
Frae G—d's an' prieſt the people's hearts
He ſteals awa'.

An' whan we chaſten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred ſic a ſplore,
As ſet the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curſe thou his baſket and his ſtore,
Kail an' potatoes.

L—d hear my earneſt cry an' pray'r,
Againſt that preſbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy ſtrong right hand, L—d make it bare,
Upo' their heads,
L—d weigh it down, and dinna ſpare,
For their miſdeeds.

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongu'd A——n,
My very heart an' ſaul are quakin',
To think how we ſtood ſweatin', ſhakin',
An' p—d wi' dread,
While he wi' hingin' lips and ſnakin',
Held up his head.

L—d

L—d in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d viſit them wha did employ him,
An' paſs not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r;
But for thy people's ſake deſtroy 'em,
And dinna ſpare.

But, L—d remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may ſhine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory ſhall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

THE

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF THE TAXES.

[*This Poem has been printed in the Liverpool edition, but is here given* with additions *from a manuſcript of the Author. The lines added are printed in* Italics.]

Sir, as your mandate did requeſt,
I ſend you here a faithfu' liſt,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.

My

My * *Lan' afore*'s a gude auld *has been*,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.
My † *Lan' ahin*'s a weel gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie ‡,
An' your auld burrough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance whan in my wooing pride
I like a blockhead booſt to ride,
The wilfu' creature ſae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my ſins an' that to!)
I play'd my fillie ſic a ſhavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the ſpavie.
My ‖ *Furr ahin*'s a wordy beaſt,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd.—
The fourth's a Highland Donald haſtie,
A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blaſtie;
Foreby a *Cowt*, o' *Cowt's* the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail.
If he be ſpar'd to be a beaſt,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at leaſt.—
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;

Ae

* The fore horſe on the left-hand in the plough.
† The hindmoſt on the left-hand in the plough.
‡ Kilmarnock.
‖ The ſame on the right-hand in the plough.

Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the ſpin'le,
An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le.—
For men, I've three miſchievous boys,
Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noiſe;
A gaudſman ane, a thraſher t'other,
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.
I rule them as I ought, diſcreetly,
An' aften labour them compleatly.
An' ay on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the queſtions *targe* them tightly;
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd ſae gleg,
Tho' ſcarcely langer than your leg,
He'll ſcreed you aff Effectual Calling,
As faſt as ony in the dwalling.—
I've nane in female ſervan' ſtation,
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!)
I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliſs is,
An' ye have laid nae tax on miſſes;
An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the devils dare na touch me.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heav'n ſent me ane mae than I wanted.
My ſonſie ſmirking dear-bought Beſs,
She ſtares the daddy in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace;

But

But her, my bonny ſweet wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the L—d! ye'ſe get them a' thegither.

And now, remember Mr. A-k-n,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin';
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
Iſe ne'er ride horſe nor hizzie mair;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I ſae dear pay for a ſaddle;
My travel a' on foot I'll ſhank it,
I've ſturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.—
The Kirk an' you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white ſhillings luke.

This liſt wi' my ain han' I wrote it,
Day an' date as under notit,
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subſcripſi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

Moſsgiel, February 22d, 1786.

THE

HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

CURS'D be the man, the pooreſt wretch in life,
The crouching vaſſal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permiſſion;
Who has not ſixpence but in her poſſeſſion;
Who muſt to her his dear friend's ſecret tell;
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worſe than hell.
Were ſuch the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her ſpirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a ſwitch,
I'd kiſs her maids, and kick the perverſe b—h.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO AN

ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU's welcome wean, miſhanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My ſweet wee lady,
Or if I bluſh when thou ſhalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,
I, fatherly will kiſs an' daut thee,
As dear an' near my heart I ſet thee
Wi' as gude will
As a' the prieſts had ſeen me get thee
That's out o' h-ll,

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
An' teaſe my name in kintry clatter:
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better,
E'en let them claſh;
An auld wife's tongue's a feckleſs matter
To gie an faſh.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
My funny toil is now a' tint,
Sin' thou came to the warl aſklent,
Which fools may ſcoff at;
In my laſt plack thy part's be in't,
The better ha'f o't.

An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee,
An' tak' the counſel I ſall gi'e thee,
A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
If thou be ſpar'd;
Thro' a' thy childiſh years I'll e'e thee,
An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's perſon, grace an' merit,
An' thy poor worthleſs dady's ſpirit,
Without his failins,
'Twill pleaſe me mair to hear an' ſee't,
Than ſtocket mailens.

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM.

BURNS, accompanied by a friend, having gone to Inverary at a time when ſome company were there on a viſit to his Grace the Duke of Argyll, finding himſelf and his companion entirely neglected by the Inn-keeper, whoſe whole attention ſeemed to be occupied with the viſitors of his Grace, expreſſed his diſapprobation of the incivility with which they were treated in the following lines:

WHOE'ER he be that ſojourns here,
I pity much his caſe,
Unleſs he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland ſcab and hunger;
If Providence has ſent me here,
'Twas ſurely in an anger.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON A

WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT 'im Mauchline huſbands a',
He aften did aſſiſt ye;
For had ye ſtaid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miſs'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye paſs
To ſchool in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his graſs,
Perhaps he was your father.

EPIGRAM

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Proſe has turned out of doors,
Heard'ſt thou that groan—proceed no further,
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.

ELEGY

ELEGY

ON

THE YEAR 1788.

For Lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But oh! prodigious to reflect,
A *Towmont*, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O *Eighty-eight*, in thy ſma' ſpace
What dire events ha'e taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou haſt reft us!
In what a pickle thou haſt left us!

The Spaniſh empire's tint a head,
An' my auld teethleſs Bawtie's dead;
The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the *hen-birds* unco civil;
The tither's dour, has nae ſic breedin',
But better ſtuff ne'er claw'd a midden!

Ye

Ye miniſters, come mount the pupit,
An' cry till ye be haerſe an' rupit;
For *Eighty-eight* he wiſh'd you weel,
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
Ye ken yourſels, for little feck!

Ye bonny laſſes, dight your een,
For ſome o' you ha'e tint a frien';
In *Eighty-eight*, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again.

Obſerve the very nowt an' ſheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itſel' does cry,
For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O *Eighty-nine*, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardleſs boy, I pray tak' care,
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizl'd, haff-ſhackl'd *Regent*,
But, like himſel', a full free agent.
Be ſure ye follow out the plan
Nae war than he did, honeſt man!
As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Woods on his Benefit night,

Monday, 16th April, 1787.

When by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
That deareſt meed is granted—honeſt fame;
When *here* your favour is the *actor*'s lot,
Nor even the *man* in *private life* forgot;
What breaſt ſo dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impaſſion'd with the grateful throe.

Poor is the taſk to pleaſe a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's ſong;
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear!
Before whoſe ſons I'm honour'd to appear!

Where every ſcience—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philoſophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her ſearch by heaven-taught Reaſon's beam;
Here Hiſtory paints, with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating courſe;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakeſpeare into plan,
And Harley* rouſes all the god in man.
When well-form'd taſte, and ſparkling wit unite,
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, where faultleſs ſymmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the ſecond place,)
Witneſs my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met theſe judges here!
But ſtill the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet;
Nor Inſolence aſſumes fair Freedom's name;
Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O thou, dread Power! whoſe empire-giving hand
Has oft been ſtretch'd to ſhield the honour'd land!

* The Man of Feeling, wrote by Mr. M'Kenzie.

Strong

Strong may ſhe glow with all her ancient fire;
May every ſon be worthy of his ſire;
Firm may ſhe riſe with generous diſdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleaſure's chain;
Still ſelf-dependent in her native ſhore,
Bold may ſhe brave grim Danger's loudeſt roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

ON MISS J. SCOTT,

OF AYR.

Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art,
The braveſt heart on Engliſh ground,
Had yielded like a coward.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

We cam' na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wiſe,
But only, leſt we gang to hell,
It may be nae ſurpriſe:
But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, ſhou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan ſair us!

LINES

Wrote by BURNS, *while on his death-bed, to* J—N R—K—N, *Ayrſhire, and forwarded to him immediately after the Poet's death.*

He who of R—k—n ſang, lies ſtiff and dead,
And a green graſſy hillock hides his head;
Alas! Alas! a deviliſh change indeed.

AT a meeting of the Dumfriesſhire Volunteers, held to commemorate the anniverſary of Rodney's Victory, April 12th, 1782, BURNS was called upon for a Song, inſtead of which he delivered the following lines extempore.

INSTEAD of a ſong, boys, I'll give you a toaſt,
Here's the memory of thoſe on the twelfth that we loſt;
That we loſt, did I ſay, nay, by heav'n that we found,
For their fame it ſhall laſt while the world goes round,
The next in ſucceſſion, I'll give you the King,
Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he ſwing;
And here's the grand fabric, our free Conſtitution,
As built on the baſe of the great Revolution;
And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who wou'd to Liberty e'er prove diſloyal,
May his ſon be a hangman, and he his firſt trial.

LINES

LINES

Written and preſented to Mrs. KEMBLE, *on ſeeing her in the Character of* YARICO—*Dumfries Theatre*, 1794.

KEMBLE, thou cur'ſt my unbelief
Of Moſes and his rod;
At Yarico's ſweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd.

On being aſked why GOD *had made Miſs* DAVIS *ſo little and Mrs.* * * * *ſo large.*

Written on a pane of glaſs in the Inn at Moffat.

ASK why God made the gem ſo ſmall,
And why ſo huge the granite?
Becauſe God meant mankind ſhould ſet
That higher value on it.

THE

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME:

A SONG.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The darkſome night did me enfauld,
I kend na where to lodge till day:
By my good luck a laſs I met,
Juſt in the middle of my care,
And kindly ſhe did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low to this ſam' maid,
And thank'd her for her courteſie;
I bow'd fu' low to this fair maid,
And bad her mak' a bed for me:
She made the bed both large and wide,
Wi' her twa white hands ſhe ſpread it down;
She put the cup to her roſy lip,
And drank, "Young man, now ſleep ye ſound."

She

She ſnatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' ſpeed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay ſome mair beneath my head.
A cod ſhe laid beneath my head,
And ſerved me with due reſpect;
Syne to ſalute her wi' a kiſs,
I flang my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands, young man, ſaid ſhe,
And dinna ſae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony luve for me,
O wrang na my virginity!
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The laſs that made the bed to me.

I kiſs'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay ſhe wiſt na what to ſay;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
The laſſie thought na lang till day.
Her boſom was the driven ſnaw,
Twa drifted heaps ſae fair to ſee,
Her limbs the poliſh'd marble ſtane,
The laſs that made the bed to me.

Upon the morrow when we raiſe,
I thank'd her for her courteſie;
But ay ſhe ſigh'd and cry'd, " Alas!
" Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."
I look'd her in her bonny face,
While the tear ſtood twinklin' in her e'e;
And ſaid, Sweet laſſie dinna cry,
Ye ay ſhall mak' the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland ſheets,
And made them a' in ſarks to me;
Blythe and merry may ſhe be,
The laſs that made the bed to me;
The braw laſs made the bed to me,
The bonnie laſs made the bed to me,
I'll ne'er forſake till the day I die,
The laſs that made the bed to me.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

On a bank of flowers one ſummer's day,
For ſummer lightly dreſs'd,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and ſleep oppreſs'd.
When Willy, wander'd thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had ſu'd,
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
And trembl'd where he ſtood.

Her cloſed eyes, like weapons ſheath'd,
Were ſeal'd in ſoft repoſe;
Her lips ſtill as they fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the roſe.
The ſpringing lilies ſweetly preſs'd,
Wild wanton kiſs'd her rival breaſt;
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
His boſom ill at reſt.

Her

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
  Her tender limbs embrace,
Her lovely form, her native eaſe,
  All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulſes roll,
  A flatt'ring ardent kiſs he ſtole;
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
  And ſigh'd his very ſoul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
  On fear inſpired wings;
So Nelly ſtartling half awake,
  Away affrighted ſprings.
But Willy follow'd as he ſhould,
  He overtook her in the wood,
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
  Forgiving all and good.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's ſair worn clay
Taks up its laſt abode;
His ſaul has ta'en ſome other way,
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is as ſure's a gun,
Poor ſilly body ſee him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Obſerve wha's ſtanding wi' him.

Your brunſtane devilſhip I ſee
Has got him there before ye;
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my ſtory.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye have nane;
Juſtice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gaen.

But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are,
Look ſomething to your credit;
A coof like him wou'd ſtain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

STANZAS

STANZAS

TO THE

MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS,

BY EDWARD RUSHTON.

POOR, wildly ſweet uncultur'd flow'r,
Thou lowlieſt of the Muſe's bow'r,
" Stern ruin's ploughſhare, 'mang the ſtowre,
" Has cruſh'd thy ſtem,"
" And ſorrowing verſe ſhall mark the hour,
" Thou bonnie gem."

'Neath the green turf, dear Nature's child,
Sublime, pathetic, artleſs, wild,
Of all thy quips and cranks deſpoil'd,
Cold doſt thou lie;
And many a youth and maiden mild
Shall o'er thee ſigh.

Thoſe

Thoſe pow'rs that eagle-wing'd could ſoar,
That heart which ne'er was cold before,
That tongue which caus'd the table roar,
Are now laid low,
And Scotia's ſons ſhall hear no more
Thy rapt'rous flow.

Warm'd with "a ſpark o' Nature's fire,"
From the rough plough thou didſt aſpire
To make a ſordid world admire;
And few like thee,
Oh! BURNS, have ſwept the minſtrel's lyre
With ecſtacy.

E'er winter's icy vapours fail,
The violet in the uncultur'd dale,
So ſweetly ſcents the paſſing gale,
That ſhepherd boys,
Led by the fragrance they inhale,
Soon find their prize.

So when to life's chill glens confin'd,
Thy rich, tho' rough untutor'd mind,
Pour'd on the ſenſe of each rude hind
Such ſonſy lays,
That to thy brow was ſoon aſſign'd
The wreath of praiſe.

Anon,

Anon, with nobler daring bleſt,
The wild notes throbbing at thy breaſt,
Of friends, wealth, learning unpoſſeſs'd,
Thy fervid mind
Tow'rds fame's proud turrets boldly preſs'd,
And pleas'd mankind.

But what avail'd thy pow'rs to pleaſe,
When want approach'd, and pale diſeaſe;
Could theſe thy infant brood appeaſe
That wail'd for bread?
Or could they, for a moment, eaſe
Thy wo-worn head?

Applauſe, poor child of minſtrelſy,
Was all the world e'er gave to thee;
Unmov'd, by pinching penury
They ſaw thee torn,
And now, kind ſouls! with ſympathy,
Thy loſs they mourn.

Oh! how I lothe the bloated train,
Who oft had heard thy dulcet ſtrain;
Yet, when thy frame was rack'd with pain,
Could keep aloof,
And eye with opulent diſdain
Thy lowly roof.

Yes,

Yes, proud Dumfries, oh! would to Heaven
Thou hadſt from that cold ſpot been driven,
Thou might'ſt have found ſome ſhelt'ring haven
On this ſide Tweed:—
Yet, ah! e'en here, poor bards have ſtriven,
And died in need.

True genius ſcorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidſt a race of ſlaves;
His ſoul, while fierce the tempeſt raves,
No tremor knows,
And with unſhaken nerve he braves
Life's pelting woes.

No wonder, then, that thou ſhouldſt find
Th' averted glance of half mankind;
Shouldſt ſee the ſly, ſlow, ſupple mind
To wealth aſpire,
While ſcorn, neglect, and want, combin'd
To quench thy fire.

While wintry winds pipe loud and ſtrong,
The high-perch'd ſtorm-cock pours his ſong;
So thy Æolian lyre was ſtrung
'Midſt chilling times;
Yet clearly didſt thou roll along
Thy "routh of rhymes."

And

And oh! that routh of rhymes ſhall raiſe
For thee a laſting pile of praiſe.
Haply ſome wing, in theſe our days,
Has loftier ſoar'd:
But from the heart more melting lays
Were never pour'd.

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Where bleſt Columbus' waters glide,
Old Scotia's ſons, ſpread far and wide,
Shall oft rehearſe,
With ſorrow ſome, but all with pride,
Thy 'witching verſe.

In early ſpring, thy earthly bed
Shall be with many a wild flow'r ſpread;
The violet there her ſweets ſhall ſhed,
In humble guiſe,
And there the mountain-daiſy's head
Shall duly riſe.

While darkneſs reigns, ſhould bigotry,
With boiling blood, and bended knee,
Scatter the weeds of infamy
O'er thy cold clay,
Thoſe weeds, at light's firſt bluſh, ſhall be
Soon ſwept away.

And when thy ſcorners are no more,
The lonely glens, and ſea-beat ſhore,
Where thou haſt croon'd thy fancies o'er
With ſoul elate,
Oft ſhall the bard at eve explore,
And mourn thy fate.

LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

BY R. BURNS.

GRANT me, indulgent heaven, that I may live
To ſee the miſcreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's ſacred treaſures free as air,
Till ſlave and deſpot be but things which were.

POETICAL

POETICAL EPISTLE TO BURNS.

The following Lines were addreſſed to the Poet by the Rev. JOHN SKINNER, author of the popular ſong of *Tullochgorum*; and, it is hoped, they will be conſidered as an acceptable addition to this publication.

O! HAPPY hour for ever mair,
That led my Chill up Cha'mers'* ſtair,
And gae him, what he values ſair,
Sae braw a ſkance,
Of Ayrſhire's dainty Poet there
By lucky chance.

Waes my auld heart I was na wi' you,
Tho' worth your while I cou'd na gie you,
But ſin' I had na hap to ſee you
Whan ye was North,
I'm bauld to ſend my ſervice ti you
Hyne o'er the Forth.

* The printer of the Aberdeen Journal, in whoſe houſe Mr. Skinner firſt ſaw Burns's Poems.

Sae proud's I am that ye hae heard
O' my attempts to be a Bard,
And thinks my muſe nae that ill-fard:
Seil o' your face!
I wad na wiſs for mair reward
Than your good grace.

Your bonny bookie, line by line
I've read, and think it freely fine:
Indeed I dare na ca't *divine*,
As others might,
For that, ye ken, frae pen like mine
Wad no be right.

But, by my ſang, I dinna wonner
That your admirers mony hunner,
Let gowkit flieps pretend to ſcunner,
And tak' offence,
Ye've naething ſaid that looks like blunner
To fowks o' ſenſe.

Your pauky "Dream" has humour in't,
I never ſaw the like in print:
The birth-day Laurit durſt na mint
As ye hae dane,
And yet there's nae a ſingle hint
Can be miſta'en.

Your

Your "Mailie," and your guid "Auld Mare,"
And "Hallow-even's" funny cheer,
There's nane that's read them, far or near,
But reezes Robie,
And thinks them as diverting gear
As Yoric's Tobie.

But, O! the well-tauld "Cottar's Night"
Is what gies me the maiſt delight:
A piece ſae finiſh'd, and ſae tight,
There's nane o's a'
Cou'd preachment-timmer cleaner dight
In kirk nor ha',

But what need this or that to name?
It's own'd by a' there's no a theme
Ye tak' in hand but's a' the ſame,
And nae ane o' them
But weel may challenge a' the fame
That we can gi' them.

For me, I heartily allow you
The wald o' praiſe ſae juſtly due you:
And but a Plowman!—Sall I true you?
Gin it be ſae,
A miracle I will avow you,
Deny't wha may.

What

What recks a leaſh o' claſſic lare
Thro' ſeven years and ſome guide mair,
Whan plowman-lad, wi' nature bare,
Sae far ſurpaſſes
A' we can do wi' ſtudy ſair
To climb Parnaſſus.

But, thanks to praiſe, ye're i' your prime,
And may chant on this lang lang time;
For, let me tell you, 'tware a crime
To hadd your tongue,
Wi' ſic a knack's ye hae at rhime,
And you ſae young.

Ye ken it's nae for ane like me
To be ſae droll as ye can be:
But ony help that I can gie,
Tho't be but ſma,'
Your leaſt command, I'ſe lat you ſee,
Sall gar me draw.

An hour or twa, by hook or crook,
And maybe three, ſome orrow owk,
That I can ſpare frae haly buik,
(For that's my hobby,)
I'll ſteal awa' to ſome by-neuk
And crack wi' Robie.

Wad

Wad ye but only crack again,
Juſt what ye like in ony ſtrain,
I'll tak' it kind; for, to be plain,
I do expect it;
And, mair than that, I'll no be fain
Gin ye neglect it.

To LINSHART, gin my hame ye ſpier,
Whare I hae hefft near fifty year,
'Twill come in courſe, ye need na fear;
The pairt's weel kent;
And poſtage, be it cheap or dear,
I'll pay content.

Now after a', hae me exqueez'd
For wiſhing nae to be refeez'd,
I dinna covet to be reez'd
For this fiel lilt;
But, fiel or wiſe, gin ye be pleas'd,
Ye're welcome till't,

Sae, canty Plowman, fare ye weel:
Lord bleſs ye lang wi' hae and heil,
And keep you ay the honeſt chiel
That ye hae been;
Syne lift you to a better biel
Whan this is dane!

P. S.

P. S. This auld Scots muſe I've courted lang,
And ſpar'd nae pains to win her;
Dowf tho' I be in ruſtic ſang,
I'm no a late beginner.

But now auld age taks dowie turns,
Yet troth, as I'm a ſinner,
I'll ay be fond o' Robie Burns,
While I can ſign

JOHN SKINNER.

Linſhart, Sept. 25th, 1787.

Printed by Chapman & Lang, Trongate, Glaſgow.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MR. JOHN RANKEN,

The perſon to whom his Poem on ſhooting the Partridge is addreſſed, while he occupied the Farm of Adamhill in Ayrſhire.

AE day, as Death, that gruſome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl',
A mixie-maxie motely ſquad,
And mony a guilt-beſpotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and ſtation,
From him that wears the ſtar and garter
To him that wintles in a halter:

Aſham'd himſelf to ſee the wretches,
He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches,
" By G-d I'll not be ſeen behint them,
" Nor 'mang the ſp'ritual core preſent them,
" Without, at leaſt ae honeſt man,
" To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
" L—d, G-d!" quoth he, " I have it now,
" There's juſt the man I want, in faith,"
And quickly ſtopped Ranken's breath.

VERSES

Addreſſed to the above J. RANKEN, on his writing to the POET, that a girl in that part of the country was with child by him.

I AM a keeper of the law
In ſome ſma' points, altho' not a';
Some people tell me gin I fa',
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' ſma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I hae

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna ſay o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met with that ſurpriſe
That broke my reſt,
But now a rumour's like to riſe,
A whaup's i'the neſt.

EPIGRAM

ON

CAPT. FRANCIS GROSE,

THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARY.

The following epigram, written in a moment of feſtivity by Burns, was ſo much reliſhed by Groſe, that he made it ſerve as an excuſe for prolonging the convival occaſion that gave it birth to a very late hour.

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,
So whip! at the ſummons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor FRANCIS lay moaning,
And ſaw each bed-poſt with its burden a-groaning,*
Aſtoniſhed! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,
I'll want 'im, ere I take ſuch a d——ble load.

* Mr. Groſe was exceedingly corpulent, and uſed to rally himſelf, with the greateſt good humour, on the ſingular rotundity of his figure.

VERSES

ON THE

DEATH OF BURNS,

BY MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

WHAT adverſe fate awaits the tuneful train!
Has OTWAY died and SPENCER liv'd in vain?
In vain has COLLINS, Fancy's penſive child,
Pour'd his lone plaint by Arun's windings wild?
And SAVAGE, on Misfortune's boſom bred,
Bar'd to the howling ſtorm his houſeleſs head?
Who gentle SHENSTONE's fate can hear unmov'd,
By virtue, elegance, and genius lov'd?
Yet, penſive wand'ring o'er his native plain,
His plaints confeſſed he lov'd the Muſe in vain;
Chill Penury invades his favourite bower,
Blaſts every ſcene, and withers every flower;

His

His warning Muſe to Prudence turn'd her ſtrain,
But prudence ſung to thoughtleſs bards in vain;
Still reſtleſs Fancy drives them headlong on,
With dreams of Wealth, and friends, and laurels won—
On Ruin's brink they ſleep, and wake undone.

And ſee where Caledonia's Genius mourns,
And plants the holly round the grave of BURNS:
But late its " poliſh'd leaves and berries red
Play'd graceful round the rural poet's head,"
And while with manly force and native fire
He wak'd the genuine Caledonian lyre,
Tweed's ſevering flood exulting heard her tell,
Not Roman wreaths the holly could excel;
Not Tiber's ſtream along Campania's plain,
More pleas'd convey'd the gay Horatian ſtrain,
Than bonny Doon, or fairy-haunted Ayr,
That wont his ruſtic melody to ſhare,
Reſound along their banks the pleaſing theme,
Sweet as their murmurs, copious as their ſtream;
And RAMSAY, once the Horace of the North,
Who charm'd with varied ſtrains the liſtening Forth,
Bequeath'd to him the ſhrewd peculiar art
To Satire nameleſs graces to impart,
To wield her weapons with ſuch ſportive eaſe,
That, while they wound, they dazzle and they pleaſe:

But

But when he ſung to the attentive plain
The humble virtues of the Patriarch ſwain,
His evening worſhip, and his ſocial meal,
And all a parent's pious heart can feel,
To genuine worth we bow ſubmiſſive down,
And wiſh the Cottar's lowly ſhed our own;
With fond regard our native land we view,
Its cluſter'd hamlets, and its mountains blue,
Our " virtuous populace," a nobler boaſt
Than all the wealth of either India's coaſt.
Yet while our hearts with admiration burn,
Too ſoon we learn that " man was made to mourn."
The independent wiſh, the taſte refin'd,
The energies of the ſuperior mind,
And Feeling's generous pangs, and Fancy's glow,
And all that liberal Nature could beſtow,
To him profuſely given, yet given in vain;
Misfortune aids and points the ſtings of pain.

How bleſt, when wand'ring by his native Ayr,
He " woo'd the willing Muſe," unknown to care!
But when fond admiration ſpread his name,
A candidate for fortune and for fame,
In evil hour he left the tranquil ſhade
Where Youth and Love with Hope and Fancy play'd;
Yet rainbow-colours gild the novel ſcene,
Deceitful fortune ſweetly ſmil'd like JEAN;

Now

Now courted oft by the licentious gay,
With them thro' devious paths behold him ſtray,
The opening roſe conceals the latent thorn,
Convivial hours prolong'd awake the morn,
Even Reaſon's ſacred pow'r is drown'd in wine,
And Genius lays her wreath on Folly's ſhrine;
Too ſure, alas! the world's unfeeling train
Corrupt the ſimple manners of the ſwain,
The bluſhing Muſe indignant ſcorns his lays,
And Fortune frowns, and honeſt fame decays,
Till low on earth he lays his ſorrowing head,
And ſinks untimely 'midſt the vulgar dead.
Yet while for him belov'd, admir'd in vain,
Thus fond Regret pours forth her plaintive ſtrain,
While Fancy, Feeling, Taſte, their griefs rehearſe,
And deck with artleſs tears his mournful hearſe,
See Cunning, Dullneſs, Ignorance, and Pride,
Exulting o'er his grave, in triumph ride,
And boaſt, "tho' Genius, Humour, Wit agree,"
Cold ſelfiſh Prudence far excells the three,
Nor think, while grovelling on the earth they go,
How few can mount ſo high to fall ſo low.
Thus Vandals, Goths, and Huns exulting come,
T' inſult the ruins of majeſtic Rome:
But ye who honour Genius—ſacred beam!
From holy light a bright etherial gleam,
Ye whom his happier verſe has taught to glow,
Now to his aſhes pay the debt you owe,

Draw

Draw Pity's veil o'er his concluding ſcene,
And let the ſtream of bounty flow for JEAN.
The mourning matron and her infant train
Will own you did not love the Muſe in vain,
While Sympathy with liberal hand appears,
To aid the orphans wants, and dry the widow's tears.

EPITAPH

ON A

HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam firſt was fool'd,
A caſe that's ſtill too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
The devil rul'd the woman.

EPIGRAM

ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, hadſt thou but ſpar'd his life,
Whom we, this day, lament!
We freely wad exchang'd the *wife*,
An' a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The *ſwap* we yet will do't;
Tak thou the Carlin's carcaſe aff,
Thou'ſe get the *ſaul* o' *boot*.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemiſa, as old ſtories tell,
When depriv'd of her huſband ſhe loved ſo well,
In reſpect for the love and affection he'd ſhow'd her,
She reduc'd him to duſt, and ſhe drank up the powder.

But Queen N*******, of a different complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have *eat* her dead lord, on a ſlender pretence,
Not to ſhow her reſpect, but—*to ſave the expence.*

The following Letter from BURNS *to an intimate acquaintance in Kilmarnock, when writing him upon ſome private buſineſs, is ſo very characteriſtic of his ſentiments and ſtyle that it has been deemed worthy of a place in this collection.*

Moſsgiel, 7th March, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE partly changed my ideas, my dear Friend, ſince I ſaw you. I took old Glencon-ner with me to Mr. Miller's farm, and he was ſo pleaſed with it, that I have wrote an offer to Mr. Miller, which, if he accepts, I ſhall ſit down a plain farmer, the happieſt of lives when a man can live by it. In this caſe I ſhall not ſtay in Edinburgh above a week. I ſet out on Monday, and would have come by Kilmar-nock, but there are ſeveral ſmall ſums owing me for my firſt edition, about Galſton and Newmills; and I ſhall ſet off ſo early as to diſ-patch my buſineſs and reach Glaſgow by night. When I return, I ſhall devote a forenoon or two

to make ſome kind of acknowledgment for all the kindneſs I owe your friendſhip. Now that I hope to ſettle with ſome credit and comfort at home, there was not any friendſhip or friendly correſpondence that promiſed me more pleaſure than yours; I hope I will not be diſappointed. I truſt the Spring will renew your ſhattered frame, and make your friends happy. You and I have often agreed that life is no great bleſſing on the whole. The cloſe of life indeed, to a reaſoning eye, is,

> " Dark as was chaos, ere the infant ſun
> " Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
> " Athwart the gloom profound"——

But an honeſt man has nothing to fear. If we lie down in the grave, the whole man a piece of broke machinery, to moulder with the clods of the valley,—be it ſo; at leaſt there is an end of pain, care, woes and wants: if that part of us called Mind, does ſurvive the apparent deſtruction of the man—away with old-wife prejudices and tales! Every age and every nation has had a different ſet of ſtories; and as the many are always weak, of conſequence they have often, perhaps always been deceived: a man, conſcious of having acted an honeſt part among his fellow creatures; even granting that he may have been the ſport, at times, of paſſions

ſions and inſtincts; he goes to a great unknown Being, who could have no other end in giving him exiſtence but to make him happy; who gave him thoſe paſſions and inſtincts, and well knows their force.

Theſe, my worthy friend, are my ideas; and I know they are not far different from yours. It becomes a man of ſenſe to think for himſelf; particularly in a caſe where all men are equally intereſted, and where, indeed, all men are equally in the dark.

* * * * * * *

Adieu, my dear Sir! God ſend us a chearful meeting!

ROBT. BURNS.

SINCE this Work was publiſhed, ſeveral other Pieces aſcribed to Burns, have been received, of which the following are the

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